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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Youth

*Date of Earliest Known Edition, after 1528*

*Date of the Original of this Edition, c. 1560-2*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908*

Youth



Don't

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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[Vol. 150]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Youth


[c. 1560-2]

*Issued for Subscribers by*

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# Youth

*This facsimile of the "Copland edition" of "Youth" is taken from a copy, presumably unique, now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C 34, e. 38, dated in Cat. "[1562 ?]"). A copy of a presumably earlier edition, printed by John Waley (? 1557), is also in the same collection (Press-mark, C 34, b. 24); another copy is in the Bodleian, whilst "the Irish find" of 1906 unearthed another example of this "Waley impression." These, as far as at present known, exhaust the number of copies extant. A fragment, undoubtedly of a different edition to either of these two, is in the Library of Lambeth Palace, consisting of four leaves. A "waste" or unbound sheet of "Youth" was found in the binding of another book; but it had, unfortunately, been "cut to size," so that some of the edges are mutilated, to the loss of parts of the text. Happily it is the first section of the book, as a different set of "stock blocks" are exhibited on the title page. The relation of these three differing editions to one another, and probably to others not now extant, will be set forth in the facsimile reprints of the "Waley edition" and the "Lambeth fragment" now in preparation for this series.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, on examination of this facsimile reprint, reports that "the photos are admirable again . . . on the whole this edition,*

*which is rather badly and irregularly printed in the original, is excellently reproduced."* Mr. Herbert's special points of criticism are :—

(1) Title page, in a line with the word "Enterlude," near the right-hand margin, "H xxxiii" is pencilled in the original.

(2) B. ii, recto, the signature, together with the catch-word "youthē," is smudgy compared with the original.

(3) B. iii, recto, the spot over "lady" at top of page is not in original.

(4) B. iii, verso, "Ryot," twelve lines from bottom of page, is too smudgy.

(5) C. ii, verso, the two dots over the "R" of "Ryot," four lines from the top of this page, are not in original.

JOHN S. FARMER.















# The Enterlude

of Youth.



**I**esu that his armes dyd sprede  
 And on a tree was done to dead  
 From all perils he you defende  
 I desire audiēce til I haue made an ēde  
 For I am come from God aboue  
 To occupie his lawes to your behoue  
 And am named Charitie  
 There maye no man saued be  
 without the helpe of me  
 For he that Charitie doth refuse  
 O ther vertues though he do vse  
 without Charitie it wyll not be  
 For it is wrytten in the saythe



Qui manet in charitate in deo manet  
I am the gate I tell the  
Of heauen that iollful cite  
Ther maie no man thider come  
But of charity he must haue some  
Or he may not come thvis  
Vnto heauen the cite of blyss  
therfoze charitie who wil him take  
A pure soule it wil him make  
Before the face of God  
In the .A.B.C. of bekes the leaſt  
Ye is wryten Deus charitas est  
Lo charitie is a great thinge  
Of all vertues it is the kinge  
Whan God in earth was here liuinge  
Of chariti he found none endinge  
I was planted in his hart  
We two might not departe  
Out of his harte I did sprynge  
thzoughe the might of the heauē king  
And all preſtes that be  
Haue not lyue without charitye  
And charitye to them they do not take  
they may not receiue him that did them make  
And all this worlde of noughte  
\*youth.

A backe ſelawes and giue me rounne  
Or I Mall make you to auoyde ſone  
I am goodlye of perſone  
I am perceles where euer I come  
My name is youth I tell the  
I flozpe as the vine tre  
Who may be likened vnto me  
In my youthe and folitye









My hearre is royall and bushed thicke  
My body plyaunt as a hasei styck  
Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong  
My fingers be both faire and longe  
My chest bigge as a tunne  
My legges be full lighte for to runne  
To hoppe and dounce and make mery  
By the masse I reeke not a chery  
What so euer I do

I am the heyre of my fathers lande  
And it is come into my hande  
I care for no more

Are you so disposed to doo  
To folowe vice and let vertue go  
Ye sit euen so

For nowe a dayes he is not let by  
Without he be vntyrified

You had neede to aske God mercey  
Why do you so praise your body

Why knaue what is that to the  
Wilt thou let me to prayse my body  
Whi shuld I not praise it & it be goodli  
I will not let for the

What shal it be whan thou shalt flye  
For the wealth into the pye

Therfore of it be not to boorde  
Least thou for think it whan thou art old  
Ye maye be lykened to a tre

In youth floryshyng with royallte

And in age it is cut downe

And to the fyre is throwne

So shalt thou but thou amende

Be burned in hel without ende

Ye hozson trowest thou so

Charite

pouthe.

Charite

pouthe.

Charite

Al.

pouthe.

Be ware leaſte thou thyder go  
Hence captiue go thi way  
Or wiſh my dagger I ſhal the ſlay  
Ning knaue out of this place  
Or I ſhal lay the on the face  
Sayeſt thou that I ſhal go to hel  
For euer moze there to dwel  
I had leuer thou had euill fare

**Charite** **C**A yet ſyz do by my rede  
And aſke mercy for thy miſdede  
And thou ſhalt be an herptoure of blyſſe  
Where al loye and myzthe is  
Where thou ſhalt ſe a glorious ſyght  
Of aungeles ſinging with ſaintes bright  
Befoze the face of God

**Youthe.** **W**hat ſyzs aboue the ſky  
I had nede of a ladder to climbe ſo hye  
But what and the ladder ſlyppe  
Then I am deceyued yet  
And if I ſay I carche a quecke  
I may fortune to bryke my necke  
And that ſoyner is yll to ſet

**Charite** **N**ay nay not ſo  
**C**O yet remember cal to thi minde  
The mercy of God paſſeth al thyng  
For it is wyrtten by noble clerkes  
The mercy of God paſſeth all werkes  
That witneſſeth holy ſcripture ſainge thus  
Miferatio domini ſuper omnia opera eius  
Therefore doute not goddes grace  
Ther of is plenty in every place

**Youthe.** **W**hat me thynkeſt thou be clerke we  
For ye ſpeake good wyſdom  
**Syz** I pray you and you haue any floze







Sople me a question oz ye caste out any mozt

Least whan your connyng is all done

My question haue no solucion

Syz and it please you this

Whi do mē eate musterd with saltfische

Sir I paze you soile me this quission

That I haue put to your descrecyon

Thus question is but vanitie

Ye longeth not to me

Suche questions to asfoyle

Sir by god that me dere boughte

I se your connyng is litell oz noughte

And I wuld folowe your scole

Sone ye wold make a sole

Therfore crake no longer here

Least I take you on the eare

And make your head to ake

Sir it falleth not for me to fighre

Neither by day ne be night

therfore do my coursaile I saye

Chan to heuē thou shalt haue the wat

\* No syz I thinke ye will not fighre

But to take a mans purs in the night

Ye will not sai nay

For suche holy catifes

were wonte to be theues

And such wolde be hanged as thy

As a man may se with his eye

In faith this same is true

God saue euery christen body

From such euell desceyfe

And sende vs of his grace

In heuen to haue a place

Nay nay I warrant the

Charite

pouthe

Charite

pouthe.

Charite

pouthe.



He hathe no place for the  
weneſt thou he wyl haue ſuche ſcoles  
To ſit on his gaye ſcoles  
Raie I warrant the naye

**Humily** Well ſir I put me in goddes wyl  
whether he wyl me ſaue or ſpyll  
And ſir I pray you do ſo

And truſte in god what ſo euer ye do  
**Youthe.** Sir I praye the holde thy peace

And talke to me of no goodnes  
And ſoone loke thou go thy waye  
Leſſe with my dagger I the ſlaie  
I ſaith if thou meue my harte  
Thou ſhalte be wearie of thy parte  
Or thou and I haue done

**Charite** Thynke what God ſuffered for the  
His armes to be ſpyed vpon a tree  
A knight with a ſpeare opened his ſyd  
In his harte appeared a wounde wylde  
That bought both you and me

**Youthe.** Goddes ſake what is that to me  
Thou darwſt wylte thou rede me  
In my youthe to loſe my ſoull  
Hence knawe and go thy waye  
Or wyth my dagger I ſhall the ſlaie

**Charite** O ſir heare what I you tell,  
And be ruled of my counſell  
That ye might ſit in heuen hye  
with God and his company

**Youthe.** A pet of God thou wilt not ceaſſe  
Tyll I fyght in good earneſte  
On my fayth I tell the true  
yf I fyghte thou wylte ſtue  
All the dayes of thy lyfe.







Or? I se it wyll none other wyse be  
I will go to my brother Humilitie  
And take good counsaile of him  
Howe it is best to be do therein  
ye may sye I pray you of that  
We thinke it were a good sight of your backe  
I wolde se your heles hither  
And your brother and you together  
fettered fine fast  
I wis and I had the key  
ye shulde singe wel away  
O? I let you lose

Charite

youthe :

Fare well my maysters everychone  
I wyll come againe anone  
And tel you howe I haue done  
And thou come hither againe  
I wyll send þe hens in the dyuels nam  
what natwe, I maye haue my space  
To iet here in this place  
Befoze I might not stee  
Whan the churle charitte was herē  
But nowe amonge al this chere  
I wold I had som company here  
I wis mi brother Riote wold helpe me  
For to beate charytye  
And his brother to.

Charite

youthe :

Huffa, huffa who calleth after me  
I am Riote sul solite  
My heart as light as the wynde  
And all on Riote is mi minde  
where so euer I go  
But wote ye what I do here  
To seeke youth my comper  
Faine of him I wolde haue a

Ryot :

But my lippes hange in my lyght  
 God spede matter youth by my fate  
 youth: Welcom Myot in the deuyls waie  
 Who broughte the hither to day  
 Myot That dyd my legges I tell the  
 We thought thou dyd me call  
 And I am com now here  
 To make rofall chere  
 And tell the how I haue done  
 youth: What I wende thou hadst ben hanged  
 But I se thou arte escaped  
 For it was tolde me heere  
 You toke a man on the eare  
 That his purse in your bosome did flic  
 And so in Newegate ye dyd lye  
 Myot So it was I bespew your pate  
 I come lately from Newgate  
 But I am as readie to make good chere  
 As he that neuer came there  
 For and I haue spendyng  
 I wll make as mery as a kinge  
 And care not what I do  
 For I wll not lye longe in prison  
 But wll get forth the soone  
 For I haue learned a pollicie  
 That wll lose me lyghtlie  
 And soone let me go  
 youth: I loue well thy discrecion  
 For thou arte all of one condycion  
 Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde  
 And not chaungable as the wynde  
 But sir I praye you at the leaste  
 Tell me moze of that isle  
 That they tolde me ryght nowe







Wherof I shall tell the  
The mayre of London sent for me  
Forth of Newgate for to com  
For to preche at Tyborne.

By our Lady he did promote the  
To make the preche at the galowe tre  
But say how diddest thou scape

Merely say the rope brake  
And so I fell to the ground  
And ran away safe and sound  
Be the way I met with a courtiers lad  
And twenty nobles of gold in his purs he had  
I toke the ladde on the care  
Besyde his horse I selled hym there  
I toke his purs in my hande  
And twenty nobles therin I fande  
Lorde howe I was mery.

Goddes sote thou diddest ynoughe there  
For to be made knyght of the colere.

Ye say I truste to God all myght  
At the next sessions to be dypned a knyght  
Now say by this light.

That wolde I sayne se  
And I plight the so God me sake  
That a surer colere thou shalt haue  
And because gold colers be so good chepe.

Unto the roper I shall speke  
To make the one of a good price  
And that shall be of warrantyse.

Youth I pray the haue a doo  
And to the tauerne let vs go  
And we will drynke diuers wine  
And the cost shall be myne  
Thou shalt not pay one peny thine

youthe

kyot

youthe

kyot

youthe

kyot

B.f.

Yet thou shalt haue a bench to byss  
whan so ever thou wilt

**Yonke.** Mary Not I thanke the  
That thou wilt be stowe it on me  
And for thi pleasure so be it  
I wold not charter Guild by mete  
And turne by agayne  
For ryght now he was with me  
And said he wolde go to Humelitte  
And come to me agayne

**Not.** Let him come if he will  
He were better to hide still  
And he grue the croked langage  
I will laye him on the visage  
And that thou shalt se sone  
Howe lightly it shall be doone  
And he wil not be ried with knyckes  
We shall set him in the stocks  
To heale his soze winnes

**Yonke.** I shall helpe the if I can  
To dyue a waye that hang man  
Herke Not thou shalt understande  
I am heye of my fathers land  
And nowe they be come to my hand  
We thynke it were best therfore  
That I had one man more  
To waite me upon

**Not.** I can spede the of a seruaute of price  
That wil do the good service  
I se him go here be sde  
Some men call him mayster Desde  
I sweare by God in Crinthe  
I will go fetch him vnto the  
And that euen anone







Hyre the apace and come a gayne  
And bringe with the that noble wayne

Lo master pouth here he is

A pretty man and a wyse

He will be glad to do you seruyce

In al that euer he may

Welcome to me good fellowe

I pray the whence comest thou

And thou wilt my seruaunt be

I shall geue the golde and fee

Syz I am content twis

To do you any seruys

That euer I can do

By likelphod thou shulde do well ynowe

Thou art alkyely felowe

Yes syz I warrant you

ysye will be rulde by me

I shall you bringe to hye degre

What shall I do tell me

And I wyll be ruled by the

Apart I shall tell you

Considerye haue good ynowe

And think ye coms of noble kinde

Above all men exalte thy minde

Put downe the poze and set nought by them

Be in company woth gentel men

Lette bp and downe in the waye

And your clothes loke they be gaye

The pretty wenches wyll saie than

Yonder goeth a gentelman

And euer poze felowe that goeth you by

Will do of his cap and make you curteisie

In faith this is true

Sir I thanke the by the roode

Pouth

Exor

Pouth

Pyde

Youth

Pyde

Pouth

Pyde

W. H. Pouth



For the counsell that is so good  
 And I commit me even now  
 Under the techynge of Wyot and you  
 Wyot. To youth I tolde you  
 That he was a lastye felowe  
 Youthe. Mary sye I thanke the  
 That you wolde bringe him vnto me  
 Wyde. Sye it were expedyente that ye had a wife  
 To liue with her all youre life  
 Wyot. A wife nay nay for God auowe  
 He shall haue flewe enough  
 For by God that me dere bought  
 Quere muche of one thinge is nought  
 The deuyl said he had leuer burne al his life  
 than ones for to take a wife  
 Therfore I saie so god me saue  
 He shall no wife haue  
 thou haste a sister fair and fre  
 I knowe well his lemmen we will be  
 therfore I wolde we were here  
 that we might go and make good chere  
 At the wine some where  
 Youthe. I pray you hithe thou do her bringe  
 For we is to my likinge  
 Wyde. Sye I shall do my diligence  
 To bringe her to your presence  
 Youthe. Hye the apace and come agayne  
 To haue a sight I wolde be faine  
 Of that Lady fre  
 Wyot. Sye in faith I shall tell you true  
 She is a frewe and fayre of hys  
 And bere pryncesse of hys  
 Men call her Lady Lecher  
 Youthe. My herte burneth by God of myght







Till of that lady I haue a syght

Intrcet superbis cū luxuria et dicat superbia **Ryde.**

**Syr** I haue fulfilled your entent  
And haue bzought you in this present  
that you haue sent me foze

**Thou** art a redy messengert

**youthe.**

**Come** hither to me my herte so here  
ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body

**Sir** I thanke you ad at your pleasure I am **Lecher**  
ye be the same vnto me

**Maisters** wyll ye to tauerne walke.

**youthe.**

**A** worde with you there will I talke

**And** giue you the wine

**Gentle** man I thanke you verely

**Lecher**

**And** I am all redye

to waite you vpon

**What** sister lecher ye

**Ryot.**

ye be welcome to our companie

**Well** wanton well, sye for name

**Lecher**

**So** sone ye do expesse me name

what if no man shuld haue knowne

**I** wis I shal you bete, well wanton well

**Al** tell pretty nyet

**Ryot.**

Ye be well nise God wote

ye be al tell pretty ple, swis ye go ful gingerle

wel I se your false eye

**Lecher**

winketh on me full wantonly

ye be full wanton swis

**Bride** I thanke you of your labour

**youthe.**

**That** you had to fetch this fayze flouce

**Lo** youth I tolde the

**Bryde.**

that I wolde bzing her with me

**Sir** I pray you tell me now

**Howe** doth she like you

**Youthe.** Merely wel the pleased me  
 For he is courtels gentyll and free  
 Howe do you saye Ladye  
 Howe fare you tell me  
**Lecheri.** Syr if it please you, I do well knowe  
 And the better that you wyl wite  
**Youthe.** Niot I wolde be at the tauerne sayne  
 Least charitie vs mete and turne vs agayne  
 Than wold I be soze because of this farte lady  
**Ryot.** Let vs go agayne be time  
 That we maye be at the wyne  
 O, ever that he come  
**Pynde.** Wite the apace and go we hence  
 We wil let for none expence  
**Youthe.** Now we wil fil the cyp and make good ches  
 I trust I haue a noble here  
 Herke sirs for God almightie  
 Herest thou not howe they lichte  
 In sayth we shall them part  
 If there be any wine to sell  
 They shall no longer together dwell  
 No than I be thze we my herte  
**Ryot.** No syz so mote I the  
 Let not thy seruantes fight withyn  
 For it is a carefull lyfe  
 Evermoze to lue in strife  
 Therfoze if ye wil be ruled by mi tale  
 We will go to the ale  
 And se howe we can do  
 I truste to God that sitch on hys  
 To lese that lytell compagne  
 With in an houre or two  
**Pynde.** Now let vs goo for goddes sake  
 And se howe merke we can make







Now lette vs go aspace  
 And I belast there I be wythwe my face  
 Nowe let vs go that we were there  
 To make this Ladye some where  
 Verelpe sy? I thanke the  
 That ye will bestowe it on me  
 And whan it please you on me to call  
 My heart is yours bodie and all  
 Faire Ladye I thanke the  
 On the same wyse ye shall haue me  
 whan so euer ye please  
 Not we tarpe longe  
 we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe  
 In faith I will be rector chorpe  
 Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate  
 Abide felowe a worde with the  
 whether go ye tell me  
 Abyd and here what I shall you tell  
 And ruled by my counsel  
 Saye no felowe ne yet mate  
 I trowe thy felow be in Newgate  
 Shal we tell the wether we go  
 Say twis good I hon a Depo  
 who learned the thou mistaught man  
 To speake so to a gentylman  
 Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine  
 Yet he is come of noble kinne  
 Though thou giue him suche a moche  
 yet he is come of a noble stocke  
 I let the well to wisre  
 what sy? I hon what say ye  
 wolde you be fetred now  
 thinke nat to longe I pray you  
 It maye fortune come sone ynowe

Ryot.

routhe.

Lecher

routhe.

Dyde.

Ryot

Dyde

routhe.

Charke

Dyde

Ryot

**Charite** **W:** Shall thinke it a lytell toene  
Yet **W:** let this cease  
And let **W:** talke of goodnes  
**pouche.** He turned his tale he is aserde  
But faith he shalbe sherd  
He weneth by flatteringe to please **W:** agayne  
But he labourerth all in vaine

**Charite** **W:** I pray you me not spare  
For nothyng I do care  
That ye can doe to me.

**W:** **W:** No horsen sayst thou so  
Holde him pride and let me go  
I shal set a prayze of rynges  
That shal set to his shynnes  
And that even a none.

**W:** **W:** Hye the apace and come agayne  
And bringe with the a good chaine  
To holde him here still.

**Charite** **W:** Jesu that was borne of Mare milde  
From all euyl he us shielde  
And sende you grace to amende  
Oz oure lyfe be at an ende  
For I tell you trewly  
That ye lyne full wickedly  
I pray God it amende.

**W:** **W:** Lo **W:** loke what I bringe  
Is not this a soyr ringinge  
By my trowth I trowe it be  
I will go wye of charitie  
How sayest thou maister charitie  
Dothe this geare please the.

**Charite** They please me well in dede  
The more sorowe the more mede  
For God sayde whyle he was man







Beati qui persecutionē patiuntur propter iusticiā

Unto his apostles he sayde so

To teache them howe they shulde do

¶ We shall se how they can please

Sit downe sit and take youre ease

¶ We thinke these same were full merite

To go about your faire feete

¶ By my truthe I you tell

They wolde become hym very well

therfoze hye that they were on

Unto the tauerne that we were gone

¶ That shall ye se anone

Howe soone they shall be on

And after we wpll not tary longe

But go hence with a mery songe

¶ Let vs begyn all at once

Nowe haue at it by cockes bones

And soone let vs goo

¶ Lo maisters h:re you maie se befozn

that the weede ouergrowth the corne

Nowe maie ye see all in this tide

Howe vice is taken, & vertue let asse

ponder ye maye see youth is not stable

But euer more chaungeable

And the nature of men is fraple

that he wotteth not what maye auasse

Vertue for to make

O good Lorde it is a pittfull case

¶ Syth God hath lent me wit & grace

To chouse of good and euill

that man shulde voluntarie

To suche thynges hym selfe applye

that hys soule shuld spyll

¶ Christ þ was crucified & crownd with thorne Humilly

¶ Ci.

Hyde

youth

Hyot

Hyde

youth

Charite



And of a virgin for man was borne  
Some knoweledge sende to me  
Of my brother Charitie

**Charite** Dere brother Humilite  
Ye be welcome vnto me  
Where haue ye be so longe

**Humilite** I shall do you to vnderstande  
That I haue sayd mine euensong  
But sir I praye you tel me now  
Howe this case happened to you

**Charite** I shall tell you anone  
The felowes that I tolde you on  
Haue me thus arayed

**Humilite** Sir I shall vndo the bandes  
From your feete and your handes  
Sir I praye you tell me anone  
Whether they be gone  
And when they come againe

**Charite** Sir to the tauerne they begone  
And they wyll come againe anone  
And that shall you see

**Humilite** Then wyll we them restore  
Vnto vertue to resorte. & so forsake

**Charite** I wyll helpe you that I can  
To conuert that wicked man

**youthe** Abacke galantes and lobe vnto me  
And take me for your speciall  
For I am promoted to hye degree  
By right I am kinge eternall  
Neither Duke ne lord, Barone knyght  
that maye be likened vnto me  
they be subdued to me by ryght  
As seruantes to their masters

**Humilite** Ye be welcome to this place here







we thynke ye labour all in vaine  
wherefore your braynes we wyl stee  
And kee you a lytel agayne

Siest thou my braynes thou wyl stee

I shall lase the on the eare  
were thou bozne in trumpington

And brought by at Higgess noyton

Byme faith it semeth so

well go knaue go

Do by our counsell and our rede

And aske mercie for thy misde

And endeuer the for goddes sake

for thy synnes amendes to make

O euer that thou die

Hake yowth for god anowe

He wolde haue the a sainte now

But yowth I shall you tell

A ponge sainte an olde deuyl

Therefore I holde the a foole

And thou folowe his scole

I warrant thee I wyl not do so

I wyl be ruled by you two

Then shall ye do well

ys ye be ruled by our counsell

we wyl bringe you to hie degree

And promote you to dignitie

Sir it is a pittifull case

That ye wolde forsake grace

And to vye applye

whie knaue dothe it grene thee

Thou halt not answer for me

to sen my soule hangeth on the hedge ones

Then take thou and caste stones

As faste as thou wyle

Yowth

Charite

Yowth

Yowth

Yowth

Yowth

Yowth

C. 11.

**Charite** Syr if it please you to do thus  
forsake them and do after vs  
The better shall you do

**Byot.** Syr he shall do well inowe  
Thoughe he be ruled by neither of you  
therfore crake no longer here  
Least thou haue on the eare  
And that a good knocke

**Byrde.** Lyghtly se thou auoyde the place  
O I shall gyue thee on the face  
Youth I trowe that he wolde  
Make you holy or ye be olde  
And I sweere by the rode  
It is time inoughe to be good  
Whan that ye be olde

**youth.** Syr by my truthe I the say  
I wyll make mery whyles I may  
I can not tell you howe longe  
ye sit so mote I thryue

**Byot.** Thou art not certaine of thy life  
therfore thou were a darke foole  
to leue myrth and folowe thei scrole

**humili.** Syr I shall hym exhorze  
unto vs to resozte  
And you to forsake

**Byrde** Aske him if he wyll do so  
To forsake vs and folowe you two  
Say I warrant you nay

**humili.** That shall you se euen anon  
I will vnto him gone  
And se what he wyll saye

**Byot** Hardely go on thy waye  
I knowe well he wyll saye nay

**youth.** Ye syr by God that me dere bought







We thinke ye labour all for nought  
Wenest thou that I wyll for thee  
Oz they brother Charitie  
Forsake this good companie  
Nay I warrant the

Myde.

No master I praye you of that  
For anye thinge for sake vs nat  
And all oure counsell rule you by  
Ye may be Emperour oz ye dye

while I haue life in my body  
Shall I be ruled by Rhot and the

youthe.

Sir than Wail ye do well  
For we be true as stele

Rhot,

Syz I can teache you to play at the dice

At the quenes game and at the Jrythe

The Treygobet and the hasarde also

And many other games mo

Also at the cardes I can teche you to play

At the triumph and on and thirtye

Post, pinion, and also annisafe

And at an other they call dewface

Yet I can tel you moz & ye wyll con me thanke

Winke and dzinke and also at the blanke

And mane sportes mo

I thanke the Rhot so mote I the

youthe.

for the counsell thou haste geuen me

I wyll folowe thy minde in every thinge

And guide me after thy learninge

youth leue that counsell for it is nought

Charite

And amende that thou hast my wrought

That thou maist saue that God hath boughte

what saie ye master Charite

youthe.

what hath God bought for me

By my trouth I knowe not

C.ist.

whether that he goeth in whete or blacke  
 He came neuer at the stues  
 Nor in no place where I do bse  
 Twis he bought not my cap  
 Nor yet my taylor hat  
 I wot not what he hath bought for me  
 And he bought any thinge of myne  
 I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne  
 The nexte tyme I hym meete  
**Charite** Sir this he dyd for the  
 wher thou wast bound he made the fre  
 And bought the wryth his bloud  
**Pouth** Sir I praye you tell me  
 Howe may this be  
 That I knowe I was neuer bonde  
 Unto none in Englande  
**Charite** Sir I shall tell you  
 Whan Adam had done greates trespas  
 And out of paradise exiled was  
 Then all the soles as I can you tell  
 Were in h bondage of the deuyll of hel  
 Tyll the father of heauen of his greates merces  
 Sent the seconde person in Trinitie  
 Us for to redeme  
 And so with his precious bloude  
 He bought us on the roode  
 And our soules dyd saue  
**Pouth** Howe shulde I saue it tell me nowe  
 And I wyl be ruled after you my soule to saue  
**Ryot** What youth wyl you forsaake me  
 I wyl not forsaake thee  
**humill.** I shall tell you shortly  
 Knele downe and aske God merces  
 For that you haue offended







Youth wylle thou do so  
Folowe them and let vs go

Harpe I trowe naye

Here all synne I forsa ke

And to god I me betake

Good Lord I prase the hame no indignacion

That I a sinner shulde aske saluacion

Howe thou must forsa ke pyrde

And all riot set aside

I wyl not hym forsa ke

Neither early ne late

I wende he wolde not forsa ke me

But if it wyl none other wise be

I wyl go my waye

Sir I prape God be your spede

And helpe you at your neede

I am sure thou wylle not forsa ke me

For I wyl not forsa ke thee

I forsa ke you also

And wyl not haue with you to do

And I forsa ke the vtterly

Fle on the castles

Once a promise thou byd me make

That thou wolde me neuer forsa ke

But nowe I se it is hard

For to truste the wyetch

Face well masters

For your synne looke ye mozne

And euyl creatures loke ye tourne

For your name who make hym quesson

Spide is good contricion

That for synne doth mozne

Here is a newe arape

For to walke by the waye

Pyrde

Youthe

Charite

Pyrde

Youthe

Pyot

Youthe

Youthe

Pyot

Youthe

Youthe

Youthe

Youthe

Youthe

Youthe

Youthe



your prayer for to save  
**Humilt.** Here be booke for your deuotion  
 And kepe you from all temptacion  
 Let no vice deuoure  
 Whan ye se misdoinge men  
 Good counsell geue them  
 And teach them to amende  
**Youthe.** For my synne I wyll moze  
 All creatures I wyll turne  
 And whan I see misdoinge men  
 Good counsell I shall geue them  
 And exhorste them to amende  
**Charite.** Than shall ye be an heritour of blyss  
 Where all ioye and myght is  
**Youthe.** To the whiche eternall  
 God bringe the persons all  
 Here beyng Amen.  
**Humilt.** Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende  
 Before the persons here present  
 Wolde every man be contente  
 Leaste onother daye we be Gente  
**Charite.** We thanke all this presente  
 Of their meeke audience  
**Humilt.** Iesu that sytteth in heauen so hye  
 Saue all this faire companie  
 Men and women that here be  
 Amen, Amen for charitie.

✱ Finis.

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